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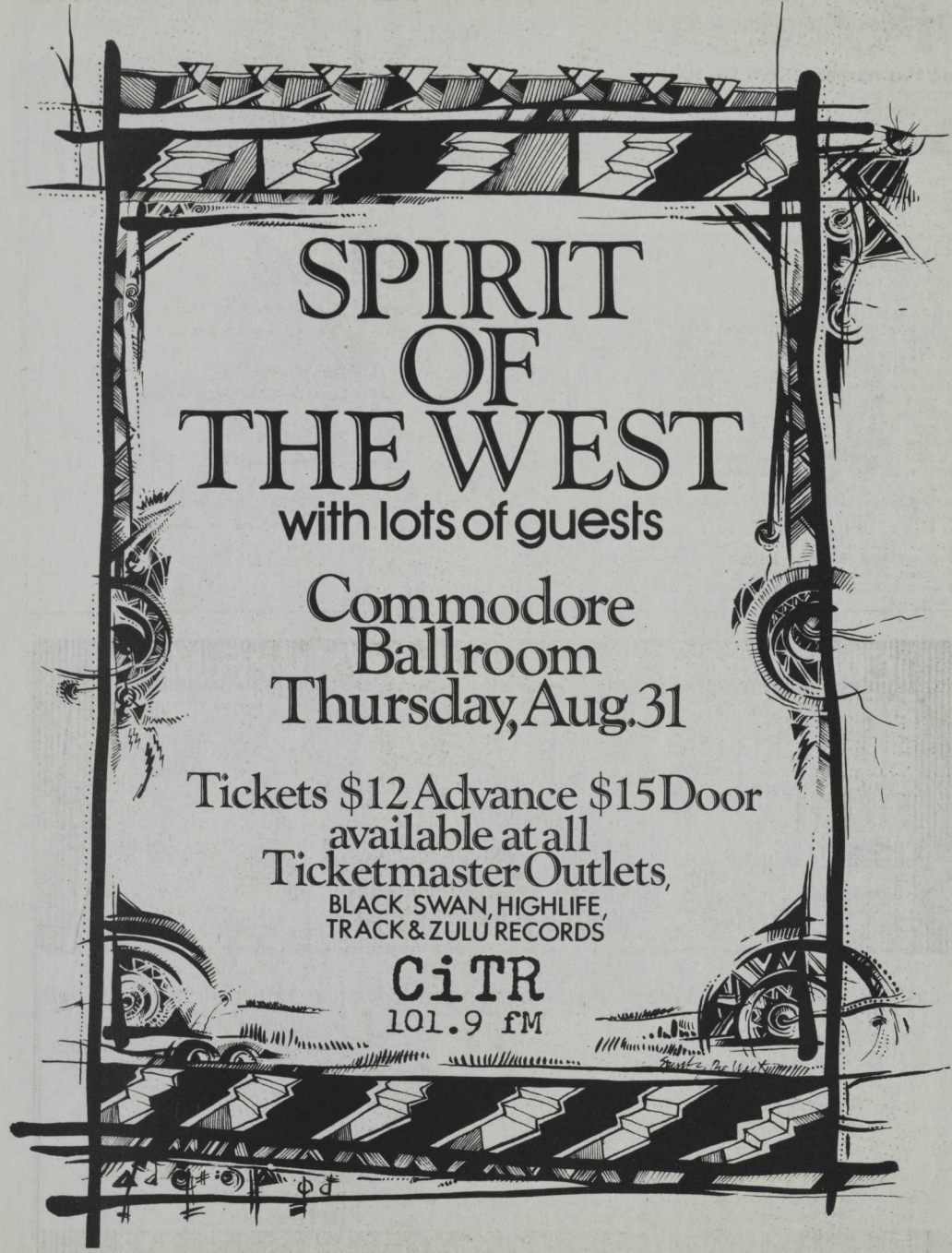


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That Magazine from CTR FM 102

AUGUST 1989 • Issue #79

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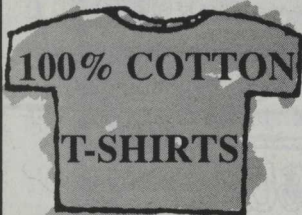
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PIRATES, WHAT PIRATES?

Dear Alter Natives,

I'm writing a movie about a pirate television station. In some back issue of the Discorder, you ran an article on pirate radio and offered information on the subject. If the offer is still open, please send the information to the above address (You'll get a credit in the film for it).

By the way, great mag, the Discorder. I only listened to your station for a day (I was visiting relatives in Vancouver) but I was quite impressed. The University of Regina Alternative "station" is merely a glorified stereo system. Feel free to mock it when you can. Perhaps this will result in it becoming a real radio station (CKUR has been applying to the CRTC for a licence for the last twenty years or so).

Thanks for your time. I should mention Jeanna South, the girl who did your June '89 Discorder cover, is pissed that you guys coloured it. She's my second cousin and I feel obligated to stick up for fellow artists too. Sorry, had to be said. Uh, thanks again for your time.

Sincerely,
Jeff Hanni
Regina, SK

We don't know nuthin' about pirates of any kind. Yes, we know Miss South is pissed at us but we still love her anyway. Oh, and by the way, your welcome.

RANDOM ANIMAL PARTS

Dear Airhead,

When reading your magazine I was reminded that there once was a man called Zigerat Monserrat Patsnakfat. Now Ziggy had a major problem with his amino acid swallowing contest at the little fair. It seems the only people he could get to enter the said contest were the local prositinker, hat merchant, philanthropist, sesquipedalian, raving heterosexual, thespian firefighters. They were unfortunately always at battle with the shrink-toed, shoe-eating, picnic-stomping treetop, apple pie lick-nosed, blood-bat pumping, pillow-biter religious sect. The anabolic screeching mandolin priest's fired their best shots which were quickly gargled and gobbled then spat-up into a large bucket. They proceeded to pull their pants down and relieve themselves in any way they saw fit. This included shitting, pissing, spudding, bleeding,

barfing, and random animal parts. Then the master of ceremonies, Zigerat Monserrat Patsnakfat, mixed the concoction...combined with all particles from brushing his teeth and gums with an electric razor (after which everyone feasted on the contents of the bucket).

AND THAT'S THE HOLY SPIRIT!

Yours if you like me,
Dooley Toolhead
Lord Jim's Hotel & Facilities
Squamish, B.C.

STILL A MISTRESS TO ME

Dear Airhead,

Just thought that I should point out that Mary Ellen of Danger Co. fame is known as "Mischievous Mary Ellen" not "Mistress Mary Ellen", this rather interesting typo has made it somewhat difficult to get hold of the girl as she is still hiding under her crestfallen and shamed to show her face to the public. But thanks for an interesting Discorder notwithstanding.

love ya babe,
Dan Danger

P.S. Were we grouped with the Best or the Worst or possibly and Special Guests?

Yes.

A BETTER ANTENNA

Dear Airhead,

Despite the increase in transmission power I still cannot pick-up CITR on my radio. Do you have an explanation for this? How can I solve this most perplexing problem?

Regarding the live entertainment in Alberta, I had a most discouraging experience last night at the Sidetrack Cafe in Edmonton. Atilla the Stockbroker (performance poet, musician) from the UK performed here with a local band (a garage U2 clone) opening for him. This really terrible band was loudly cheered BUT the superior, original performance of Atilla received a lukewarm reception and I even heard some people booing. People here say it rains too much in Vancouver, my advice is stay in Vancouver and buy an umbrella.

Hoping not to be buried on the lone prairie,
Richard A. McFarlane

CLEAN UP THIS MESS

Head of Air
June 28th, 1990's

The Power of Sedation

"I wanna see the Ramones!" I yelled. Hustling funds, I bought tickets. I was told weeks later the Ramones weren't playing the Commodore. The concert was at the lost Expo memory: 86 STREET.

"It'll be an oversold venue! The dance floor is too small! Could they be prepared for the mania of the Ramones?" I whined aloud to no one in particular.

As soon as the concert began, I began witnessing tragedies brought on by the staff at the club. People were being thrown out for getting up on

stage & in one particular case, one person was violently expelled in a case of mistaken identity.

I ran to seek management to stop this unnecessary abuse. Ms. Elaine Chick told me she believed no one but her "boys" on these matters. Later, she witnessed staff drag a fan outside, be shoved into the pavement & the girl's stage-diving friend was rendered immobile, lying face first in cement.

"Place bouncers at the stage to deter these 'divers' & let us reduce the amount of visible violence outside our doors, then...." Management paused momentarily to calm her flustered speech, "...call the police to clean up this mess."

The coat check girls asked the police to bring along some cleaning solutions.

I watched the dancing from up top. All the dancers had the courtesy to make sure no one's head really GETS stepped on. The bouncers protecting the stage enjoyed punching people when they got too close.

86 Street bouncers who can't acknowledge the more (can I say) "exciting" shows will NOT draw the usual compliant 86 Street crowd, should be replaced. Perhaps with thugs who feel violence isn't an end to a situation and/or those who are bored of old high school discrepancies.

Consolation for me was minor due to a lot of broken 86 Street glasses, the Ramones were good & loud & old toxic waste wasn't seeping up through the floor.

Marie

EXCITED OR CATATONIC?

Dear Airhead,

Why all the negative print about one of Vancouver's newest and most interesting bands? Silent Gathering still have some wrinkles to iron out, but they a sound unlike any other band in town. That's EXCITING, and should be encouraged by a magazine like DISORDER, not shot down without explanation ("Hell's Kitchen", July 89).

Of course, what should I expect from someone who would rather write about her disgusting junk food obsession? Talk about catatonic—that was the kind of article that belongs in a kitty litter box, not the pages of a usually innovative mag. If you're feeling catatonic, Viola dear, why don't you quit blaming it on local music and take a look at your diet?

Paula Rempel

Duhhhhhhhhh. "Not that we didn't have ample reason to be catatonic. The night before had been Silent Gathering at the Town Pump. That should say it all." (Hell's Kitchen, July 1989) Read it again. What does it mean? Is it really that subtle or misleading? The catatonic state was the result of having had just a little too much fun at the Silent Gathering gig and later at the Luvafair. And, yes, alcoholic beverages played a part in this state of affairs. GET IT? Believe it or not, Viola LKES Silent Gathering, which explains why she has seen them on more than one occasion. Why, she even enjoyed their exciting brand of rock 'n' roll again on July 3rd after having recovered from the effects of the previous outing.

It must be said that Paula is a dj here at CiTR, and was a cast member of the at times innovative but more often trite and pandering CBC series, Pilot 1. Speaking of kitty litter...

FOLLOW THE LEADER

Dear Airhead,

You're probably getting lots of after-the-fact information. Here's more:

1. Progressive as applied to music is a meaningless term. It suggests music is heading somewhere, being led by someone, which is utter nonsense. Some of us just aren't interested in playing thump-crash, C-G-D-A minor all night. It's BORING to play and to hear.

2. The King Crimson of the 70's and the King Crimson of the 80's are two entirely different bands. (Fripp didn't even want to call the second one King Crimson; that was the label's idea.)

3. None of us even like Genesis.

Thank you for your time,

Paul Funk

Excited First Daughter

P.S. Thank you, Eric Nielson. So there are others who believe nihilism is a waste of time.

Nihilism a waste of time. Hahahaha, I get it. But seriously Paul, isn't this letter a shameless attempt to get your band's name into the wonderful pages of this mag once again? Nonetheless, you do raise some valid points. The whole idea of labels in music is problematic which is why the term progressive was used in quotation marks; it was hoped that this would indicate to the reader to consider the label to be applied loosely and should therefore be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. Yes, the King Crimson of the 70's and the 80's were two entirely different bands but they were both "progressive" rock groups. Furthermore, we did not intend to imply that any member of your band actually likes Genesis, nor, for that matter, either of the King Crimson. The description of Excited First Daughter was as follows: "Progressive" rock group that owes a large debt to groups such as King Crimson and Genesis. The phrase 'owes a large debt' was used in order to convey to the reader the very general area of rock within which E1D might be categorised without implying the group is a clone, or highly derivative, of another. The intent was merely to indicate the band's heritage, if you will.

CANCEL YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS, THERE'S A NEW TAB IN TOWN

This month's cover foreshadows a change to DISORDER that will occur next month. That magazine from CiTR will no longer be in its present 8 by 10 format. Instead, we will be coming to you in the larger 11 by 14 tabloid style. Why? Two main reasons. First, the extra space that the new format will afford. Second, it's cheaper since we will not have to bear the added cost of stapling and trimming the magazine. Same beautiful mag, but more of it. More bang for your buck.

Don't screw up your opportunity to finally fill that aching void in your pitiful, worthless life. Artists, writers, photographers, and word processors - join DISORDER in its relentless quest for power and a good time. Dial 228-3017.

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123
FAVORITE
SONGS
OF
ALL
TIME
CHOSEN
BY
US
LABOUR DAY
ALL DAY
ON CITR FM 101.9



Yoo-Hoo...Joey!

By Barbara Baker

Joey Ramone. I've idolized the guy since high school. Always seemed like the kind of guy you could really talk to. Plus, he always makes me feel as though I'm going to faint—just like those girls in the old films of Elvis concerts. Given the chance to spend an hour alone with him in room 2510 of the Century Plaza hotel, I didn't know where to begin. I read every article I could find on the Ramones just to get my facts straight. I tried to find things we had in common. The most personal was an affinity for a non-dairy chocolate beverage called YooHoo® (I thought I'd save this in case things got a little...you know...personal). Interview ready, I took my photographer down to the hotel and we waited. Finally, they showed. Dee Dee, Johnny, and Marky. Then...JOEY. I swallowed the 8-ball in my throat and entered the elevator. The 25 floors to Joey's room took an eternity. When we finally arrived, I looked around. No fruit basket, no 'WELCOME TO VANCOUVER' banner—just a lime-smelling air freshener. The interview begins as he drops his Adidas® bag and uncoils the cord on his big yellow hair dryer:

BARB: Do you want to get established or—
JOEY: I'm established. Let's do the interview.

B: So how's your Brain Drain tour been going, anyway?

J: Really great. We played Tijuana last week...it was really great, and we did San Diego, and two nights in L.A...we're doing two nights at the Fillmore West in San Francisco...From there we do a tour of Australia, and you know, England...

B: You guys went to Japan not too long ago...
J: Yeah, in January I think.

B: It seems like they're really into American 50's youth culture in Japan. How did you find the audiences there?

J: Great. It was great over there. We're really big and that y'know. Like the band just keeps getting bigger and bigger. It was pretty wild 'cause the crowd was kind of young, y'know, like, y'know, um fifteen or sixteen year old kids. They know, and they were all singin' along and aah like and it felt like we were in the Beatles of something, y'know, the crowd reaction. And then going up to like Osaka or the other areas where you have to take the bullet train and the kids were all like chasin' the train and it was great.

B: I remember a while back the music press was making a big deal about how you stopped putting "Ramones" for song credits and listed your individual names and everybody was saying the band's getting angry with each other. Is everything going ok now?

J: Well I mean y'know, the Ramones...the songs were always written by individuals...been written by the Ramones, y'know, like I mean in the early days it was, y'know, like we wanted to

show people—which is true of now and it's always been true—that we're a unity and y'know that there's...it's a bonded kind of a thing y'know what I mean? And that still stands y'know and probably it's stronger now than it's ever been because, y'know, there were...I guess around that period there was a lot of you know shit going on y'know, a lot of turmoil on the inside and stuff you know, and that's probably why that was done y'know I mean...it was just time anyway because aah y'know the songs have always been written by like Dee Dee or myself, or y'know or me and him, or y'know...there were periods...there were songs that were joint efforts y'know We're A Happy Family, Teenage Lobotomy and stuff like that y'know what I mean? But for the most part the songs were written individually, or like, or maybe...or like different...it's not like every song was always written by "The Ramones", I mean that's like a fallacy, y'know what I mean? And aah sure it might sound nice I mean like I remember like aah The Doors had it like that too all songs were written by The Doors or whatever y'know, but I mean it's—it was never that way and aah y'know I mean I don't think there's anything y'know...at that time I guess [around the time of Pleasant Dreams] I mean there was a lot of shit going on where aah y'know...but I mean things were really...in the last couple of years we really sort of worked out our differences and aah things couldn't be better y'know what I mean? I mean aah we're really close, y'know, there's a real admiration and respect for...it's like it makes it real enjoyable now where you can, y'know, you feel a real emotional bond y'know?

B: I understand you weren't happy with the way Dee Dee went about his solo album [DEE DEE

KING]. What specific problems did you have?
J: Well, he just went about it...the better of him took over, y'know what I mean? It's like a lot of well...I don't know...he sort of did it a bit on the outside and it's like kind of an ego thing and all that. "The King" took over or something y'know what I mean?

B: So are you going to do like Kiss and have each member put out a solo album?

J: No, that's not that's what we're talking about. I mean it's just, fuckin' be civilized that's all, y'know, don't think who the fuck you are because you're putting out a solo record, y'know, I mean y'know I think it's great that he did it...I think it's really good to have um y'know like doing outside projects...to me it's sort of extra-curricular and it's good to have an outlet for your expressions. Of course everything you write isn't going to fit the Ramones y'know, just...I think, "you're doing a solo project fine y'know what I mean? Don't start pulling attitudes and shit like that", y'know?

B: I remember when End of the Century came out and again with "Howling at the Moon", it was suggested you were trying to make a top 40 hit.

J: No no y'know that's not our thing—it never has been. Aah, I mean the Ramones are more than y'know...y'know when it comes to the substance and y'know...like we've fuckin' done a lot to changerock n' roll history and we do this 'cause we like to do it. This is what excites us. We like to play for our fans and aah we like to...we like to play y'know what I mean? And y'know that's why we've been doing this for fifteen years and aah I mean if we were only interested in a hit, I'm sure we wouldn't be around right now. We got no intentions of wanting to be like Poison or something like that or like Bon Jovi, y'know?

B: What kind of things do you like to listen to these days?

J: I love Motorhead. I mean they're one of my favorite bands, and aah um I like listening to the old stuff...the old 50's and 60's stuff y'know what I mean? A lot of the time lately we'll turn on those oldies stations, y'know? It's really exciting, y'know, because that was when songs were really good songs and stuff...I mean um, like, like when we were driving out to Tijuana they played a half an hour of Jimi Hendrix which was really exciting y'know, like exciting to hear stuff like that that's really fuckin' amazing that um you don't hear when you hear bands like Skid Row and all that shit, that's when it's time to turn the station off...most bands don't have the slightest idea what it's all about—most people think putting your hair up and using the right hair spray is what it's all about. And um bands like Motorhead, AC-DC, The Dickies, DOA, and...uh...in New York, Dick Manitoba's Wild Kingdom, The Tribe, Cycle Sluts From Hell,

Raging Slab, um I don't know I mean they're bands...I mean every once in a while you hit upon something new and exciting y'know...

B: People used to say "I won't live past thirty". You guys have been a band for over fifteen years; what do you see in the future?

J: Well it makes me tired thinking about it (laughs) I don't know, I mean I doubt it, but you never know, y'know? But I know I know I'll be doing something y'know and Dee Dee will be continuing y'know and Mark, I don't know about John.

B: What was it like when you first started out—what kind of lives did you lead?

J: Well, I guess probably a lot wilder, I mean you're young and naive and aah...but I mean but we always had some aah...y'know you sort of aah...we always had some structure. We just y'know, we knew what we liked and we knew what we wanted. But um as far as um chemistry between the four of us that's really what created us, our sound and our style. It was just getting together and this is what came out. What we're doing is our thing y'know, I can't say we stumbled upon it because we didn't stumble upon it but aah our sound is totally unique and totally innovative and it's what makes us um totally individual of anybody else who aah sort of came upon later on, who was out sort of emulating us y'know what I mean? I mean like aah everybody at some point wanted to sound like Ramones y'know what I mean? Sex Pistols to The Clash to the Dead Boys to whoever it was to the Dickies to...y'know, I mean a lot of people did it well, cause they kind of projected themselves into it to make it somewhat of their own thing y'know what I mean? And aah then a lot of people just don't have that and the way it is now...y'know to me it's not something that...y'know you either have it or you don't have it at all.

B: I heard there's gonna be a sequel to **Rock'n'Roll High School**.

J: Well there is a sequel but we're not gonna have anything to do with it.

B: Ok. I see Marky's back [as drummer]. How come you've been through so many drummers? **J:** All that banging...I think it rots away their brains. I think all drummers are nuts...or dead (laughs).

This is beginning to sound like a stereotypical "rock interview"...I begin at this point to chat with Joey and ask him the things I really want to know:

B: Do you have a car, Joey?

J: A car? I'm getting a car. I've looked at a '55 Thunderbird and aah it's great— it's really cool—I like the old cars because they have so

much personality and nowadays everything is so mass marketed...y'know? I like things with character and aah...personality y'know? I don't know, I guess in the 50's everything was made a lot smaller (laughs).

B: Do any of you guys have kids?

J: Naw, I can't imagine having kids in this life. Maybe in the next life (laughs).

B: What kinds of other stuff do you guys get backstage?

J: Well I mean pretty much our rider is...like aah we like to have a pizza in the dressing room.

B: What kind?

J: Aah just a cheese pizza y'know and aah y'know we have like a rider that they take care of and which is aah nothing that um...y'know that um...that way out, y'know what I mean? . . . nothing that outlandish you know? As opposed to some people in Europe. But y'know I mean we're not like that y'know what I mean?

B: What TV shows do you watch?

J: Well I like **Letterman**, he's funny, he's a sick guy and aah he's really that way y'know. He does a clever show y'know. I like the **Regis Philbin Show**.

B: Regis and Kathy Lee?

J: Yeah I like 'em both.

B: Do you ever get the urge to cut all your hair off?

J: Yeah I cut it off and I'm miserable and I want it to grow back. Rash behavior.

B: Do you ever have the urge to write The Philosophy of Joey Ramone?

J: I use to, I use to, but I don't care, y'know? I just do, I don't have time to analyze myself, y'know what I mean? Y'know, I know myself, y'know, and that's enough (laughs). It's enough for me. It seems a bit egocentric to write it down. I could see I guess wanting to know certain people, Andy Warhol, Jack Nicholson, I guess, whatever...when it's not you, sure y'know, when it's somebody you know has a dark side, y'know, this and that... sort of on a roller coaster ride, y'know? An emotional roller coaster kind of deal...I guess that's how I feel too (laughs).

B: So no one's ever approached you about a biography?

J: I don't want people following me anywhere! (laughs) I don't fuckin' want that...y'know some people just wanna walk around and film ya.

B: One thing about you that's really weird is that I really want to scream when I see you; I can hardly contain myself in this interview, it's something about you and the Ramones, why do you think you have this total "screamability"?



J: I don't know, I mean, I guess if it's anything I guess it's just that we're a unique band, y'know, I mean, we're a major influential band—

B: You just radiate some basic happiness, like your first boyfriend.

J: (Laughs) That's pretty wild, I'll have to think about that one. I guess you know that we're not gonna let you down. I guess a lot of people feel that way; they can count on us and aah we're not gonna let them down, if anything we're just gonna give them something more and that's how it's gonna be tonight.

OK—Now for the big guns, pal...let's get as personal (almost) as two people in our circumstances can:

B: I read in an article a few years ago that you enjoy getting **YooHoo** backstage. Is this true? **J:** Yeah.

B: How do you get it here in Canada? I went down to the States and got some but you can't get it here.

J: I mean y'know we get it wherever we can and sometimes a promoter will know that, y'know, we like it and they'll like kind of surprise us with it. It's exciting y'know? It's like y'know, um, we found it in some of the wildest places like Germany and stuff like that. Yeah, but they'll do it because they know it's sort of like, sort of like a little bit of home, you know what I mean, and they'll do it to make it just kind of that much nicer for you y'know?

B: Do you get a lot of presents; do people send you stuff all the time?

J: Yeah I get some stuff.

B: I was going to bring you my YooHoo pen; the ink's brown and it smells like chocolate.

J: Oh yeah? That's cool all right. Did you like it?

B: YooHoo? Yeah, it's great. It's the drink of champions. *[I notice the phone blinking out of the corner of my eye]* Does that mean your phone's ringing when that light goes on like that?

J: I think it's a message or something. You don't have to hear it...it's subliminal. I hear it ringing but only I can hear it (laughs). It's that fascist dog in that Dr. Seuss book. They're all over the place you just can't see them (laughs).

B: Well, I guess we'd better go...thanks for the interview, it was fun...

J: Why don't you guys come back up after the show?

B: Really?

J: Sure.

B: Oh wow. We could drive down to the States and get some YooHoo.

J: Yeah. I'll wear my Michael Jackson disguise.

B: OK! See ya!

So...I can barely walk away my knees are knocking so bad. Anyway, off to the show, and what seemed like hours of anticipation. Then, amid clouds of smoke, to the tune of Durango 95, THE RAMONES!!! I tried to like the show...I really tried, but it seemed like...well...I've always thought the Ramones sounded like the musical equivalent of an engine. Just start them up, sit back, and watch them motor. Well, that night the engine needed oil. Badly. But I was overwhelmed by the notion that I would be going back to his room after the show...what would we do? I could take him for a drive around town - Naw...too nerdy. We could go get drunk at the Marine Club - naw...he'd be mobbed and we wouldn't have a chance to talk. WHO CARES? JUST GO!

Standing in the lobby of the hotel, I call up to his room. Busy. I soon realize I'm standing next to their road manager - ~~he's~~ on the phone with Joey. I wait until he's done, call again, and a GIRL answers...

B: Hello, Joey?

G: Hello? Who is this? Do you know it's 2 AM?

B: Uh...Joey said I could come up...I've got something for him.

G: Who did you say this is? Hold on. [mumbles] Okay, Joey says okay.

There's that 8-ball again. I get into the elevator just as the door's closing, and who should be there but the guy who was on the phone in the lobby. He's already pressed the 25 button, so I stand, uncomfortably, and do the elevator thing as he eyeballs my ripped jeans. I suppose it would have been funny to watch as we walked together to Joey's room, especially when, as my hand was an inch from the door, he barked "What is this???" "Uhhh...Joey said I could come up... I've got something for him." He knocks. The girl yells "Who is it?" "It's me and GUEST," he replies. She opens up, looks at me, smirks, and says "What?" I am beginning to feel like Riff Randall backstage when she got kicked out of the dressing room. I meekly hand the chocolate smelling YooHoo pen to the manager, and remind JR to smell it. The manager grabs the pen, smells it, and starts to close the door. Just as the latch begins to click, I hear:

J: Thanks a lot!!

That's it. No drive, no drunk, no Joey. Y'know what I mean?

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CYBERTONS



CYBERVILLE GLOSSARY. CLIP AND SAVE...

CYBERGIRLS: neurologically interfaced cybernetic data-processing cyborgs. Exclusively female due to the inhibited development of the left brain hemisphere caused by male hormone. (Male cyborg see file/Energy broadcast cyborgs, military. Popular usage/Robo-dogs.)

Due to expense of cyborg implant surgery and the demands of the data-processing corps, Cybergirls are purged of all sexual function, which inhibits the effectiveness of the professional duties. Thus, the areas of the brain governing sexual response are systematically removed from all cyborgs, so they might serve their corporate sponsors more efficiently. Sexual experience is replaced by an electronic recreational health system called electrobliss.

FIRESPIRITS When a glass construction defensive body field is compromised by a sequence of glass deconstruction programs within cyberville, the human consciousness that is protected by the construction is liberated from its physical reference point and released into the system as pure energy. This then removes all attributes of consciousness from the subject interfacing with the cybernetic psycho-media network. This data cannot be retrieved, thereby leaving the subject clinically brain-dead. Once pronounced legally dead, the subject's body is vivisectioned for organ rehabilitation. Periodically, fire spirits manifest themselves within cyberville, often exhibiting the appearance of awareness and conscious identity, occasionally even entering into conversation with the living data handlers entered into cyberville.

HOTBLOODS: Humanoid self-replicating bio-mechanical data-processing systems. Ethanol-based body chemistry, engineered from human genetic model, though far more advanced and efficient.



SALAMANDER CREATED BY

LEAH HOWAT, AGE 10

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Although illegal, many survived the enforcement of the android extermination act of the turn of the century. Hotblood colonies thrive in the toxic wastelands uninhabitable by biological

organisms, defying all attempts at capture or execution by the declining human population.

Hotbloods are easily distinguished from human beings in three ways:

- 1) All Hotbloods have three eyes.
- 2) A mottled patterning of the skin, which develops into cysts and pustules which function as electronic sensory apparatus and advanced microprocessors.
- 3) Hotbloods have a conscious control of their growth and structural development; thus they are generally very large by human standards and usually adorned by various boney protrusions.

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• UNDER • REVIEW

THE STONE ROSES

The Stone Roses
(Silvertone/BMG)

The Stone Roses have finally released their debut lp after a 12" single and a few other vinyl knick-knacks.

These guys are like The Jesus and Mary Chain without the dark grunge and overdose feedback saturation. They do, however, delve into psychedelia like backwards tapes, and seem more cheerful than the Chain Gang.

The strong singing by **Ian Brown** is the focal point offset by **John Squire's** magnificent guitar playing which sears on tracks like **I Wanna Be Adored** and **Made of Stone**.

Simply stated, this band from Manchester, England have come up with one of the best debut lps of this year.

Greg Garlick

BILL FRISSELL

Before We Were Born
(Electra/Musician)

Seeing **Bill Frisell** play live is like seeing that quiet boy in your class, the one who never says anything, suddenly get up and hack the teacher to death with a meat cleaver. When Frisell spoke to the audience during his band's performance at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre as part of the Jazz Festival in June, it was with the painful hesitance of someone uncomfortable with public speaking - the antithesis of a rock star. But as soon as he picked up his guitar to play, it was clear we were experiencing the fluid, precise and devastating sound of a man with a mission. It is hard to classify the music of the Bill Frisell band, and I don't know that he would want anyone to try. The sound is a demonic mix of styles ranging from country and western, through blues and jazz workouts, to avant-garde exploration and sheer noise terrorism that often makes Live Skull sound like The Coteau Twins.

Before **We Were Born** is the most complete and self-assured piece of work from Frisell to date, developing ideas heard earlier on his **Lookout For Hope** album, and the **Power Tools** project. **Power Tools** was a spectacular assault on jazz preconceptions - a "power trio" of Frisell, **Ronald Shannon Jackson** (of **Decoding Society** fame) and **Melvin Gibbs**, who recorded the album "live" in the studio with no remixing or overdubs. Over half the album is extremely violent and discordant, but it is the Bill Frisell trademark that the cacophony often gels into the most beautiful, subtle melodies. For example, the track

Wadmalaw Island, where Frisell sets up a live echo loop that twists the theme around, changes its pitch and hurls it back into the song to create a bewildering harmony.

Before We Were Born contains its share of violence but is more precise than **Power Tools**. The diversity of Frisell's talent is displayed throughout this record - dazzling compositions and technically superb yet emotionally charged playing. His band has become a very tight unit - drummer **Joey Baron** manages to shift from all out ferociousness to complete control effortlessly. **Arto Lindsay** is featured on guitar on several tracks, and one of the highlights of the album is the **John Zorn** arranged **Hard Plains Drifter** (subtitled: **As I take my last breath and the noose grows tight, the incredible events of the last three days flash before my eyes**). It's a kaleidoscopic journey into a frantic three days of an outlaws life, utilising a wide range of musical styles, with all the scenes right there to be picked out - the bar rooms, hoe-downs, the train robbery, the murders, the women, the lonely evenings riding into the sunset, the chase, the capture and finally, the gallows. This is an album that in various places is as hard as hell, depressing, funny, exciting and nightmarish. It's an album that may surprise you, and when played loudly will send shivers up your spine.

Pete L.

TRAGIC MULATTO

Hot Man Pussy
(Alternative Tentacles)

All putting-off potential of the name aside, this disc still offends - and I don't mean that as a compliment. The guitars grate (and this is from someone who likes her music obnoxious), and the vocals remind me of Nina Hagen at age three. And who allowed that instrumental from hell on side one? All in all, probably the perfect band to slamdance the night away to - no need to concentrate listening to the lyrics (and I use that term loosely), and you can go outside for whatever, happy in the knowledge you've not missing anything.

Annette

LAST EXIT

Iron Path
(Venture)

Whether you see yourself as a punker, heavy metal dude, jazzhead, serious music listener, noisemonger, art rocker or whatever, one thing is

for certain—you need this record! Why? Because **Last Exit** explodes with power and passion distinctly absent from today's music scene.

Last Exit's output thus far has consisted of four live albums documenting their concept of "no discussion, no bullshit, just hit the stage and burn". And burn it down they do. The liner notes to **Iron Path** state, "Last Exit's line of fire sweeps so much ground so fast, they can take you from the Mississippi Delta to Planet X and back in less time than it takes to write it."

Iron Path sees Last Exit finally enter the studio for a result that is no less intense, but more focussed and detailed. Bassist **Bill Laswell's** production brings out some incredible subtleties in this often intense musical encounter—at times exploring dark subterranean domains through the bassist's gamelan-like textures and drones; the next moment resembling a bulldozer crawling straight up the highest mountain, yielding at nothing, climaxing in a shower of multiphonic sax from **Peter Brotzman**. **Ronald Shannon Jackson's** percussion is relentlessly explosive, balancing control and freedom with amazing mastery. Joy and beauty fall from the hands of frighteningly out-there guitarist **Sonny Sharrock**. While independently brilliant, Last Exit create moments which rise far above the sum of their creative talents.

The group's appeal reaches beyond the smallish group of listeners of improvised music as noted by the presence of hardcore and speedmetal fans at their live appearances. Last Exit makes contemporary music for the '90s without ignoring history's vital lessons and references. **Iron Path** is an appropriate title for the music these musicians are committed to playing. Intense, passionate, uncompromising, and intelligent are key words to describe **Iron Path** and Last Exit. Those sick to their souls of the banality of the current music situation (and even those who are not) should buy, borrow or steal this album.

Paul Clarke

24-7 Spyz Harder Than You (In-Effect)

For this review I went to my favorite record store and asked for the most recent album available. I was handed a record and told the band which I would soon listen to is a mix of The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fishbone and maybe something else...I forget. Anyway, I predicted a mediocre album, but one with some redeeming features. However, far from being a mediocre disc, this one is quite simply, TOTAL CRAP. All of the like-sounding songs consist of worn out, sped up blues riffs with the occasional interjection of slap bass, a double time beat, or something remotely reggae-ish.

The lyrical content of **Harder Than You** implies that the only reason these guys are playing music is to earn some money and get out of the ghetto. I wish someone would just GIVE them some cash so they wouldn't have to do this. Or maybe they just need a synthesiser to play with...I don't know. Another annoying feature of this album is the credits which consist of thank yous by each of the band members to god and everyone they have ever known. I just don't understand this stuff. Maybe it's a joke that's gone over my head.

Patrick Sampler

REAL LIVE ACTION

By Warren Whyte,
Gavin Brown,
and Rob Moore

"One good thing about music, when it hits you feel no pain."

—R.N. Marley

And nobody was feelin' any pain on Sunday, July 9th in Nanaimo's Caledonia Park.

Close to 400 people gathered for an afternoon of sunnin', swillin', smokin', skankin', 'n' sweatin'—all to the sweet sounds of six reggae-oriented bands: **Azad, Tropical Breeze, The Looters, One Riddim, Messenjah and Skaboom.**

Tropical Breeze played its usual lengthy but danceable set combining keyboards, guitar and bongos into a calypso, caribbean style beat. The Looters is an almost tacky Latino/fusion group from southern California. It uses lots of percussion to very cymbalic (no, not symbolic) effect, especially on the slower songs which seem to dominate its sets.

A reggae band of the traditional Jamaican stylings appeared next. One Riddim covers many classic Bob Marley tunes as well as performing its own Marley-influenced originals. Messenjah, from Toronto, is often called Canada's premiere reggae act. Its powerful, original material is performed live in a professional manner without losing the relaxed reggae feel.

A touch of ska came at the end of the festival from the popular local party band Skaboom!

who, after several years of constant local performances, has finally put together an album of its own.

Thus, the end of the 1st Annual Island Reggae Splash. Next year the organizers hope to get Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers.

On July 7th and 8th the Commodore was the locale for the appearance of two of Vancouver's biggest local draws. Friday's show was the first Vancouver gig in three months for the **Scramblers**. The band showed signs of having progressed and displayed an attitude of cocky confidence, yet the show retained the intimacy the Scramblers are so adept at creating.

The second shot of the double dose was one of the ongoing **Enigmas** revivals. Surprisingly tight and lively, the oldtimers showed no signs of slowing down, playing classics like **Flying Dutchman** and **Windshield Wiper** well into the wee hours. The Enigmas' stamina is especially shocking when one considers that the bassist and guitarist helped open up the night playing in their other band, **Earthling**. This is an improving band that plays straight ahead '70s influenced hard rock.

Silent Gathering played between bands, alternating between quicker, harder rockin' songs accentuated by powerful vocals, and slower, melodic ones where the band loosens their grip on the audience only to clamp down tightly again with the following tune.

LOCAL MOTION

By Janis

After the **Ramones** show at 86 Street June 28, a person has to wonder (more than usual, I mean) about the club's management. Quite a long time ago, when the **Hoodoo Gurus** played there, I saw burly security types stand around while large surfer-wannabes elbowed small females in their bizarre interpretations of slam-dancing (I'd always been under the impression, 'til then, that nobody was supposed to get hurt); yet at the **Ramones**, where the crowd hardly seemed threatening, fans were apparently being dragged out for any kind of excuse a bouncer could think of. And not just being dragged out—how can a club possibly justify throwing anybody face-first out a door onto cement and then simply closing the door behind the victim's unconscious body? Unfortunately I'm sure most of the audience didn't notice what was going on—my date had to point out the drama that took place right in front of me when a woman was removed for some reason or other and not allowed to take her purse. Of course, when she was permitted to come in to look for it much later (with an escort of two policemen), the purse was nowhere to be seen.

I'm happy to say that since this whole ugly episode, at least two bands that I know of have refused to play at 86 Street. Now we can only hope that the management does something to get their overzealous "security" staff under control.

It's hardly better news that **Ron Hayward**, the bass player for the **Nervous Fellas** (famous for climbing all over his battered instrument without missing a note—even when he broke strings) is leaving to join **Austin's Tailgators**. Vancouver's loss is Texas's gain....

Unfortunately, most people don't know quite what to make of all-female bands, and all too often it's assumed that any group with a "girl" singer is going to sound like the Bangles or Go-Go's, on the one hand, or Heart or Stevie Nicks on the other. So **She**, who are looking for a new vocalist, keep getting calls from the wrong types. Actually, this particular band resists most of the standard comparisons, at least to the standard "girl groups." While they're not completely unlike the very early (read pre-sex-toys) **Pandoras**, or the **Screamin'** **Sirens**, **She** is really more reminiscent of psychedelic-tinged '60s garage-pop performed by males. They've got a powerful and distinctive sound and, not unlike the **Screamin'** **Sirens** once again, have quite an effect on the boys in their audiences (and not just because these are women that know how to play their instruments).

Anyway, **She** has a two-song demo, "Gotta Lot Of" and "Show Me," recorded at Profile, at CYR these days. Give it a listen, and aspiring (and like-minded) singers can call 876-2945 or 879-4359 if

Club Soda gave us one big thrill last month in the form of a Canada Day American invasion. Symbolic perhaps? (No, not cymbalic). **NOFX**, **Coffin Break**, **DC3** and **All** came up from the U.S. to put on a four band bash.

NOFX, a generic thrash band from California, opened. They were followed by the hardcore pride of Washington state, **Coffin Break**. Both **DC3** and **All** have ex-**Black Flag** members in them, **All's** being drummer **Bill Stevenson** and **DC3's** being guitarist **Dez Cadena**.

Cadena's guitar work was at the forefront of **DC3's** intense hardcore barrage and its rolling, melody-filled songs. The guitar solos did not, however, break up the flow or intensity.

All is presently in its **Allroy's Revenge II** tour to promote its new album by the same name. A mixture of old Descendents tunes and songs from the new album more than satisfied the crowd as the guys were cheered on for two encores. The patrons received an extra-special treat when Cadena came out with **All** to sing a song called **Sick and Crazy** that Cadena said they had been working on together for some time.

The concert of the summer (I don't care what **CHRX** says) was supposed to take place on June 14th at the perfect venue of the Commodore, but had to be postponed until June 28th.

Typically, the Commodore had previously rented its space to the grad class of Argyle Secondary School, my brother's by the way, so the site was switched to 86st.

After an absence of almost five years, "Da Bruddas **Ramone**" graced a Vancouver stage once again. No, it wasn't an outstanding **Ramones** gig, but nevertheless about two or three times as enjoyable as any other band. Sure, **Joey's** voice was sounding a bit thrashed and **Johnny** missed a few chords here and there, but the performance was knife-edge intense and the frenzied crowd added to the band's energy.

they think they have what it takes.

Earthling also has a brand new demo, recorded at Profile, at the station. Opening for the **Enigmas** at the Commodore July 8, they must have surprised a good part of the audience, who only knew that **Mike Davies** and **Brian Olinek** (the **Enigmas'** guitarist and bass player, respectively) were in the band. But beyond the shared lineup, there aren't too many similarities between the two groups—considering **Earthling's** name, I expected them to be kind of late-sixties acid-psychedelic, but actually their inspiration seems to come from a slightly later musical era. "Pure Hell," while not as fast-sounding as the live **Commodore** songs, is still more a tune to bang your head to than for dancing something like the **Windshield Wiper**, and, in my opinion, doesn't give **Mike** much of a chance to show off his guitar-playing abilities. I also found the clean (even spare) sound of the production at odds with this heavy kind of song, almost as if some sort of noise should somehow be added.

Nyetz's "Decompress Me", on the other hand, is one of the cleanest recordings I've ever heard (it probably wasn't cheap, either, since it was done at **Bullfrog**), and rightly so. There's just so much happening here—a five-and-a-half minute eclectic mixture of accordion, guitars, bass, violin, kora (whatever that is!), and all kinds of simultaneous voices, most noticeably that of **Karen Anderson**, a former **Crimpoline**. But this isn't too esoteric to have wit; the chorus (I guess it's the chorus) goes: "There's a new girl in town giving me the bends/Decompress me." I don't know quite what to make of this, except that I like it.



GO ASK LAURIE:

LAURIE PARTRIDGE'S DIARIES
1968-1971

Edited By The Men Shouter

At a glance the Partridge Family's saga seems like that of any other pop star's. Emerging from obscurity, a "singing family" climbs the charts, and grabs hold of the Top Five. After months of bewildering popularity, the demons of drugs, egos, and incongruous love affairs threaten the singers' pop fortunes. Subsequent years are spent trying to prop up the members' dying enthusiasm and lagging creativity. Eventually there are rumours of solo projects, the drummer o.d.'s, and then the group announces it's folding.

But when the Partridges became a smash in 1970 the music industry and the rock press vainly searched for a reason for the success of "Family Rock". Many imitators followed suit - The Brady Kids, The Osmonds, Family - but no other "Family" act was able to kick it out like T.P.F. Finally it was felt, "What the hay", rock 'n' roll had come to Elm Street, and a three-times divorced mother showed she could jam with the

best.

The following excerpts from Laurie's diary describe the trials of a family that dared to rock....

September 27, 1969

Piano lessons weren't so bad today because the teacher had a tooth-ache, so I guess he wasn't in the mood to run his paws all over me like usual.

December 3, 1969

I spent most of today in shopping malls. Christmas shopping is such a drag when you come from a huge family like mine. Gawd, I'm glad I wasn't born in China or something, who knows how many Partridges there'd be. I bought Danny a rubber mask so maybe he'll get the hint I can't stand his face.

January 28, 1970

Last night I had trouble getting to sleep. I didn't

know Keith was out until about 3:00 a.m. I heard him come in the front door and drop his guitar case. Mom heard it too and went down to check. Mom freaked out that Keith was out so late on a school night, then she caught a whiff that he'd been smoking pot. Mom went crazy. She woke up the whole house when she started swatting Keith, who tried to block her shots with his guitar case. It got real noisy.

March 24, 1970

Last night the whole family jammed until 1:00 a.m., except for Tracy who's not into the spirit of the group really. She was always skipping her saxophone lessons, which is kind of too bad because we really need a horn player to fill out the Partridge sound. Mom sort of forced her to play the tamborine really. Tracy I think is real talented in drawing and in painting. Mom ignores this though. Danny says Mom's obsessed with us being one big happy musical family, that it

has something to do with divorcing three husbands. For once he may be right. Poor Tracy though.

May 15, 1970

Gawd, I just about died today! O gorgeous one, Jeremy Gelbwalker asked me to the sophomore dance! Rumour has it he's had this big, huge crush on me all year. This makes up for grade ten, believe me.

May 17, 1970

I wish I had cancer. The group is booked to play our school dance. Thanks to my carrot-brained brother Danny we're the band booked for the dance. Mom is even going to chaperon. How can I ever explain to Jeremy?!

May 28, 1970

I can't believe it, Jeremy loved the group! We snuck out after the show to get something to eat. It's me I think he intended to gobble up. He was feeling me up and down like some blind man from Mars. Up close I could see he had tons of blackheads which is disgusting. I probably won't go out with him again if he begs me.

June 15, 1970

Since the school dance everyone feels the band is ready to play professionally. The songs Keith and Danny are writing together aren't sounding too bad either. Keith, Danny and Chris spent a few nights playing Hendrix and Cream songs to get their playing up. Mom keeps interrupting them by bringing in sandwiches and juice. I think she's hinting that she wants to join the group.

July 6, 1970

Danny without asking anyone or anything got the band a manager, a man named Reuban Kincaid. Reuban used to be a sales rep for a hospital supplies company and it shows. Keith thinks he's going to use the group to sell some new type of gauze or something.

July 12, 1970

My brothers and I had a long meeting to decide whether to let Mom into the group. It's Reuban's idea that Mom'll attract more interest in the group. We decided that Mom needs something to get her mind off the alimony battles, so she was welcomed in.

August 12, 1970

The band's demo received great reviews from everybody who's heard it, except Sonny Bono, but he's a jerk. We start recording in ten days and Billy Preston is producing the album. Billy is a real hot keyboardist and is known lately as the black Beatle. Keith and Danny have written my favorite song of their's to date, "Doesn't Somebody Want to be Wanted Like Me". There's a little speech Keith makes in the song that I

helped him re-write because I told him his version sounded like some guy playing with himself.

September 9, 1970

We just finished recording 14 songs in 10 days. Billy said the Partridges are hot. It's more like Billy was hot. He was always trying to get me to sit in his lap. Show me how to play "Get Back", he says. More like you get back, mister.

September 30, 1970

I don't know how Mr. Syringe Salesman manager got us the booking, but we played Caesar's Palace. Mind you it was only one night, and the other band did cancel on short notice, but it was a good gig. Danny, who's generally Mr. Big Shot, was puking yellow stuff before the show he was so nervous. Someone told him Joey Bishop was coming to see the show, but I think it was a prank.

October 16, 1970

Our first album is out. Personally I like its scarlet cover, but Keith and Danny tried for days to get Andy Warhol on the phone to talk record sleeves. "I Think I Love You" is #27 with a bullet this week and we're all very excited by the response. We painted this big, smelly school bus to tour in, so now we probably look like singing retards when we pull into towns.

November 1, 1970

"I Think I Love You" goes to #1!! Reuban says

he cannot believe the phone calls that are coming in for the group now. One magazine wanted a photo of the entire family in the nude. We of course just laughed it off, but there was a mimmie there when Reuban looked at me funny.

December 26, 1970

Well, it's been a good Christmas for us all. Keith received a mini-bike from our record company. I got a vibrating arm-chair with a hi-fi built in. Danny got a handgun from Reuban, who's quite proud of his own large gun collection. None of us spoke up around the Christmas tree of course, but I think we all feel Danny is the last person who should own a gun. He's been acting real strange now that we're famous. He spends a lot of time by himself in his room, and he does a lot of shouting at recording sessions. My freckle-faced frere is probably going a bit psycho.

February 13, 1971

A young singer named Bobby Sherman dropped by back stage at our Salt Lake City show and immediately the family liked his songs and his friendly good looks. Me, well I'm crazy about the boy. It's been impossible though to get him alone for a second. Keith, who's been chumming with him most of the time, says Bobby gave him his first hit of acid. The two of them, he says, hallucinated they could fly to the moon. Bobby was the rocket and Keith was the astronaut.

-- Next Month - Part Two --

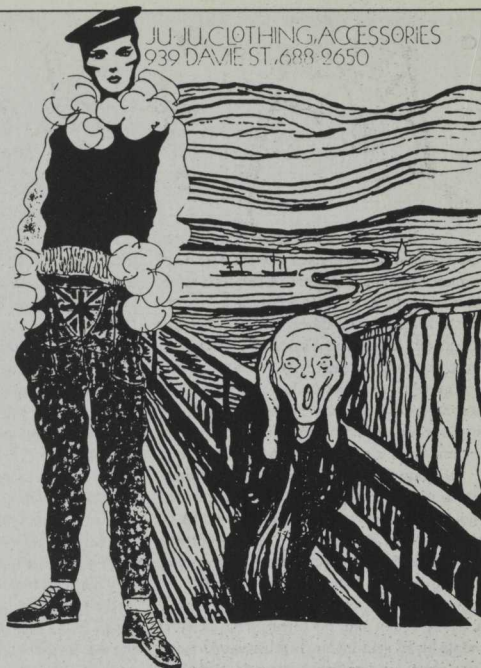




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by Sheila West

Henry Tsang is a young, Vancouver-based artist who has chosen to work outside of the more traditional norms of artistic expression. Unlured by the glamour of a fashionably paint-splashed lifestyle or the more potentially lucrative aspects of creating more saleable/desirable art items, he works in what is best described as a conceptual manner and deals with difficult and personal subject matter. Using found and made objects (clothing, photographs, frames, furniture) he composes his visual message. Thematically, he has gone from an earlier stage of formal, modernist experiments to his present semi-autobiographically inspired explorations. He is, self-admittedly, still developing as an artist, and talks here about that process and his experience of being an artist in this city.

The process of art involves numerous factors, a major one for Henry being that of finding his subject matter. This involved a move away from a university-inspired academic dialogue with the past and historical art and into a more personal dialogue. He went from a point of "not really knowing what you are doing because you are so young" towards a more comfortable control over the art. This transition began for him when he was accepted at the **Banff Centre** after completing four years of Fine Arts, academic style, at UBC. Isolated in the mountains, he found that he "did not have an idea for eight months and considered quitting art forever" (probably not the intent of the Banff program!). Initially, he continued on in the formal vein; making art that commented on the idea of art, trying to break down the meanings into new ones. Unsatisfied doing things that were "towards intellectually safe or academically hot areas", he discovered within himself a more personal and in some ways more challenging process of art making. "Writing my Chinese name over and over...I found it really ironic that I had this name I didn't use. I decided to take that as an initial jumping point...that started the 'Chinese thing'." Here began his current exploration of himself, of what he is, "...of Chinese origin yet having had a white education and a certain amount of Chinese education that I resisted...a lot of irony."

Returning from Banff, he was faced with the next step in the process, dealing with the real world. Banff was a chance to jump into a mini, pre-fabricated art scene; a sort of Shangri-La for artists. "It wasn't real, it was totally artificial. The whole support structure is set up in Banff, but here you are really on your own. I

didn't know who were THE people, never mind the RIGHT people." Cynical about the workings and ways of the private and the museum-gallery systems, he found Vancouver's gallery scene to be "really cliquey...Everyone has to find a niche—the right kind of people." Different galleries are associated with different styles, different personalities. "You usually get stuck in one of the communities and it connects to the kind of work you do...reflects you, supports you...and you support it." Personally, Henry is involved with the **Or Gallery** on Hastings Street, a gallery that represents a number of conceptual artists such as himself. He also chooses to support smaller community shows that deal with the topics he is interested in, the idea of race and the way it affects how we see others and ourselves. These shows may not be as good exposure as shows in 'serious' galleries, but he is willing to put the time into them for personal, non-career oriented reasons. It is "a statement, taking a stand...it's really important," you have to put in the effort and make the sacrifices that go along with it.

This transition away from the more career concerned, academically conformist art has cost him, but he accepts that. "I guess if I was dealing with stuff that I wasn't so involved with personally it would involve a larger audience, or more specifically, (be) tailor made (for a) strategic audience. You can be an international artist by doing certain things in certain ways...I know I won't go anywhere from all this...all that career stuff doesn't come into play. It's really marginal." Other aspects of what he is doing are more positive. Having worked in a pre-researched, highly structured mode he is discovering now the beauty of the less controlled visual/textual situations he sets up in his pieces. "Everything that comes out is a kind of surprise...they are what they are and they have to live without me." He now finds that he has problems with, "people who say their work is about one thing or have to define the work themselves for other people...you bring into (my art works) what you can bring into them." One of his recent works comments on society and family expectations on the oldest son to be prosperous and successful. He frames a grey business suit in a Chinese style red wood frame, flattened behind glass like an artifact of another era. It is displayed in front of the Chinese character for prosperity, rendered on graph paper, in grid technique. The traditional display raises

questions on family tradition, expectation, and the meaning behind this cross cultural phenomena as seen from his viewpoint. Despite its definite Asian overtones due to the use of culturally specific elements, the concept is still able to transmit on a universal level as well. The ways of seeing are also brought out by this piece; what is seen varies from person to person.

His latest piece, a two panel series of snapshots, also comments on the ways of seeing by races in a more definite manner. On one panel an oriental man watches the progression of a Scottish pipe band parading down a somewhat deserted street. Dialogue text at the bottom explains how the man finds the Scottish dress exotic. Another voice answers that some people find it quite normal. The image is comical on one level - we see the pipers as the man does, they look a bit absurd which is something people who have lived in Canada all their lives might not have ever considered. It makes one think how the Scottish types see the Asian man and how valid the opinions may be. The other panel raises the question of how men see women and how the aspect of race enters into the desirability of the women despite the race of the man. It also functions to explore levels of seeing, how we see—on tv, through photographs, through art.

Henry Tsang's work can next be seen at a show on racism, tentatively scheduled for the **Roundhouse** at the old Expo site later this summer. He will also be participating in a show at the **Chinese Cultural Centre** on Pender Street in Chinatown.

ALMOST A CANNIBAL IN VANCOUVER

On July 19, Rick Gibson was supposed to chomp down on a chicken pate and human testicle sandwich at the corner of Georgia and Granville. However, **Det. Ross Pascuzzo** of the Vancouver city police stepped in to save the gonad in question from a fate worse than death. The 'performance' progressed no further than the initial preparation stage at the **Pitt Gallery** at which time the vigilant copper did his duty, citing section 163 of the **Criminal Code** as justification. Although people eating is not illegal, it is against the law to give an immoral, indecent or obscene performance in a theatre.

The would-be nutcracker was previously taken to task for being a bad boy in London, England where Gibson was convicted of outraging public decency for his exhibit of earrings made from fetus skulls. Now he'll have to march his jewels into the provincial courthouse on August 21 in order to defend his belief that "human corpses are natural resources" (Hey, that rhymes.) Should be a good show, see ya there—and don't forget to pack a lunch.

AMAZING SHITHEAD: ZOOGZ RIFT

By Lloyd Uliana

In anticipation of the release of Murding Hell's *Happy Cretins*, album number ten for SST's in-house satirist-philosopher-sexmeister Zoogz Rift, a pre-recorded interview was recently aired on *Soup Stock From the Bones of the Elephant Man*. It's the first in a list of interviews-by-mail that are scheduled to make their way on to the show in the next few months with accompanying transcript segments appearing in *Discorder*.

John Trubee, Zappa, Beefheart, Copernicus, GG Allin, and Carlos Santana - with his genitalia firmly lodged in a vice grip - are commonplace references in most articles dealing with the music of avant-guitarist/composer Rift and his band *The Amazing Shitheads*. We now join our interview currently in progress.

Zoogz Rift: Primarily you ask me about my feelings on popular culture. I really don't care one way or the other. I like a lot of things that are popular. I like pizza. I like listening to the radio sometimes. Most of the time, the stuff that artists quote-unquote produce for our ears and for our eyes is usually a bunch of crap that they throw together because they know that people like easy-listening, easy-watching, easy-thinking, easy-everything because people are intellectually lazy. The problem is that people are not taught to think. They don't want to think and when they do, it gives them a headache, so they do everything they can to avoid thinking and that includes watching those crappy shows on television which aren't worth shit; listening to crappy music by people who don't care about the listener or the record buyer...all they care about is the money that they're making from that profession so that they can continue to make crappy music instead of having to go work in a factory somewhere on an assembly line. In effect, what they're doing is an assembly line of old crap that you've heard all your life. Nothing new. You know, you turn on the radio and it's stuff that you've heard a

million times except it's slightly camouflaged.

My goal as an artist and in making music is to attempt to break out of that which is not easy for me to do. To be an artist you have to think and to think you have to be inspired and to be inspired you have to be around things that are inspiring, and there just isn't that much around to be inspired by. That makes art very difficult but we must do it anyway, if we want anything any good. All of the best music in the world was done under very difficult circumstances and during hard times. So, if you want something unusual you have to go out and search for it because it's not gonna come up and shake your hand.

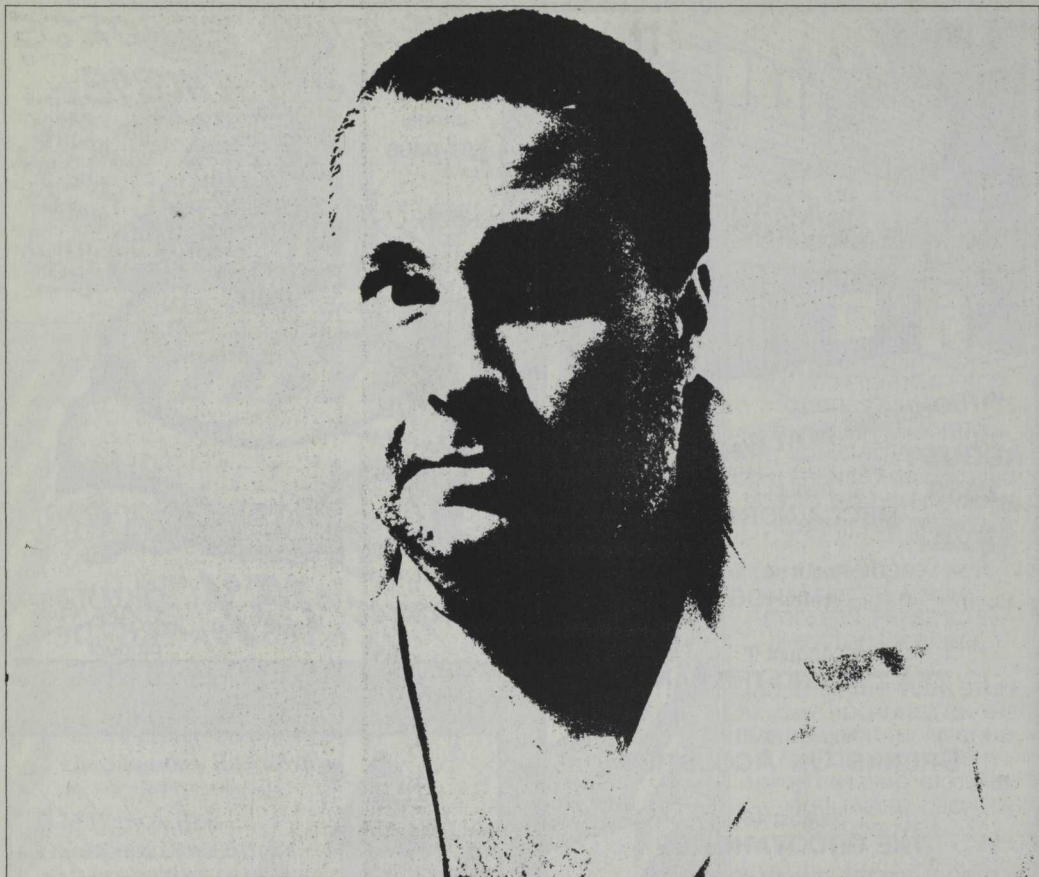
You ask me about advising radio programmers of the lyrical content in my compositions. Basically, my attitude towards that is that when radio stations receive records, one of the first things somebody does...it's somebody's job to play the record...take the record home, play it and make a decision...they rate the songs. They have to make a decision on what's playable and what isn't; which songs contain profanity and words that may be undesirable to the listening public or to the advertisers or the station or the board of directors or what have you. In other words, which songs are safe to play and which songs are gonna get you suspended or thrown out of the radio station. So what I've decided to do was beat all these people to the punch and just say "Look, alright, here we go, I'm gonna tell you what the songs are." And I do it primarily as a sarcastic jab at

these people because my attitude is: radio stations should be permitted to play any damn thing they want...anything that the public wants to hear and anything that the dj's or the people who own or run the station want to play.

There should not be organizations like the FCC (Federal Communications Commission) which is the US equivalent of our CRTC) dictating a bunch of Nazi terms to radio stations saying you can do this and you cannot broadcast that. There's no such thing as bad words, there's only bad thoughts and bad ideas, but nevertheless we live in a county that says you have a right to think anything you want to think and you have a right to say anything you want to say. If they don't like it, that's their prerogative too, but no one has a right to deny you the right to say what you want to say and that includes people who own radio stations, and people who work at radio stations. If there's a record that they want to play and they feel that a certain message in a certain song represents their own personal feelings and they want to get that out to the public and they say that's what I'm alive for, then by all means they should have the right to play it without some kind of government organization butting their goddamned noses in where it doesn't belong. I'm gonna continue to make the kind of music that I like to make whether anybody damn well likes it or not. Fortunately for me, some people do like it. So as a result of that I'm able to continue and I've been able to do this for quite a long time, so far without getting thrown in jail.

In terms of me being a dadaist, basically I've bailed out. I don't believe in it anymore. I've considered myself a dadaist for many, many years and the reason why I've decided that that's no longer the case is because by doing a lot of research and re-reading a lot of my books on dada and surrealism, I've come to the conclusion that these guys weren't kidding. I thought they were. I thought it was satire. Well, what I do is satire. What I do is comedic in nature, somewhat, but the dadaists were not being satirical. They were really anti-reason, anti-anything. Well, I'm not. I am pro-thought, pro-logic, and pro-reason. What I am against is constant intoxication, constant intellectual irresponsibility and intellectual laziness. I'm sick of it when everybody just wants to party, party, party all the time and go out and get drunk and get high and who cares and like "Zoogz, why do you have to take everything so seriously all the time. Why are you trying to be perfect all the time?" That's a bunch of shit!

I'm sick of living in a world where people aren't trying to be perfect all the time. They should be. You should be. Every one of you people listening (reading) right now, you should be trying to become perfect all the time. That should be your goal. Not wondering who you're going out with Saturday night and what movie you're gonna go see and all that nonsense. I don't give two shits about what movie is



playing or who's going with whom or what's doing what or what my astrological sign is or what God says or what the Bible says or anything. That's another thing, now that I'm on a roll here. I just wanna state for the record: God sucks. I don't believe in God, but if God ever did exist nothing would please me more than when I died, me being able to at least get a glimpse of heaven so I could punch the sucker right in the nose for all the crap that he's done to us here on planet Earth. I don't believe in God, I don't believe in religion. I don't believe in superstition. I don't believe in astrology. I don't. I don't believe in lies. All of this stuff is a falsehood that people just throw together so that they don't have to face reality...so that they don't have to think...so that they don't have to do things through logic.

If you act on whim all the time, then you can do any goddamned thing you want and be totally intellectually innocent in your own head. The problem with being logical and doing things by examining the facts and the truth is that you have to then take responsibility for your

decision-making. You have to say, "Hey, I've come to this decision and I'm going with it." But when you do things by whim you can just make up any kind of reality you want. You can say, "Well, there's no proof that God exists and I've got absolutely no good logical reason to believe that he does, but I don't know for sure so maybe he does." Well, that's a bunch of shit. You don't know for sure if Santa Claus really exists either. Do you reserve that same kind of agnosticism for believing in Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny? No, you don't, because it's ridiculous. Belief in astrology is absurd. Belief in any kind of superstition...walking under a ladder...breaking a mirror or any other stupid, stupid things like that you want to believe in...it's just people being brainless. It's people who refuse to think and refuse to acknowledge the fact that there is one reality: what is, is.

My attitude towards music is pretty open. Music can be interpreted any number of ways. Essentially, what matters to me is that I as a creator of music put a lot of thought behind it.

I create something that makes sense and something that the listener can listen to over and over again and keep finding new things. That's the kind of music I enjoy listening to on my own and that's what I try to do for other people. I try to stimulate idiots into thinking. That's my primary goal. So when you think of the Happy Cretins here on Earth who make it hell for all the thinkers out there, or especially for me, the goal is to try to kill that stupid spirit and get people to think more and party less and that's what I'm trying to do.

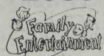
Several listeners called in during the initial airing of this interview, expressing concern over apparent "weaknesses" in Zoogz's arguments. As promised, here's his address, you can write him:

Zoogz Rift
c/o Thalidomide Productions
8526 International Avenue #79
Canoga Park, CA
91304-2618



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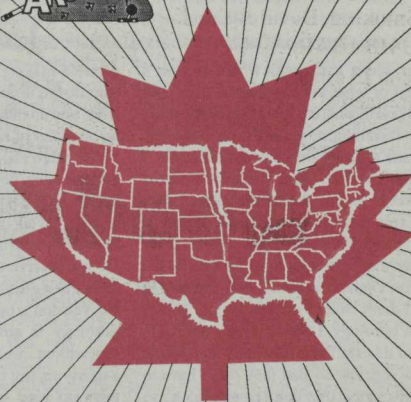
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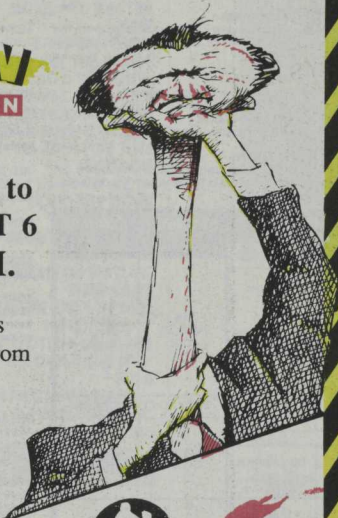
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MONDAYS

SOUND OF REALITY 3:00-5:00PM

Experimental Radio, with Vision! Featuring environmental sounds, found noises, information/propaganda and the world's primitive and experimental musics from the auditory fringe. Live, too. Contributions welcome.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM

Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in campus sports and sports everywhere else for that matter.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-9:30PM

The latest in dance music from the African sub-continent plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your host: Umerah Onukwulu.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30PM-12:30AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Features at 11:00. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. 7th "For Musicians Only": a classic album with Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz and Sonny Stitt sounding hot and hard as they would in an after-hours jam. 14th Sarah Vaughn possesses one of the most outstanding voices of the twentieth century. Tonight one of her greatest recordings done in 1955 in the company of some great musicians like Clifford Brown and others. 21st "Shades of Redd": an extraordinary recording by pianist Freddie Redd, featuring his playing and compositions with homcken Jackie McLean on alto and the legendary Tina Brooks on tenor. 28th Guitarist Jim Hall recorded in Toronto with Canadian jazz superstars Terry Clark on drums and Don Thompson on bass. Elegant and sophisticated.

TUESDAYS

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:30PM

Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer hot-poke, Jeff Gray.

IN CONTEXT/TRIBES 3:30-5:00PM

Simplicity in Design, New Music, new views, new Beliefs. Old gods, Reinforcement and Negation. In words and pictures. Hosted by Kirby Scott Hill.

NEON MEATE DREAM 7:00-9:00PM

Like your worst nightmare and most erotic dream combined. God what a mess.

WEDNESDAYS

VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW 8:10-10:00AM

What used to be "Way Too Early". I'm Greg Elsie, and I'll play anything. Just call too-too-ate too-for-ate-seben.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 11:00AM-1:00PM

From Alaska to Oregon and all points in between. And at 12 noon: Singalong with Rowena I

B.C. FOLK 5:30-6:30PM

Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists with Barb Waldern.

THURSDAYS

FINE LINES 10:00-11:00AM

Literary criticism and review in a Canadian vein from the studios of CFUV, University of Victoria Radio. The end of the tunnel is near....

IN EFFECT 1:15-3:00PM

Niel Scobie brings you the hip hop beat.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM

Hardcore with Jinx and Eric. Listen.

ARTS CAFE 5:30-6:00PM

In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts scene with a concentration on theatre.

FRIDAYS

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM

Join host Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen's back lot of life with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 3:00-5:00PM

Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized auralty, power electricians and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian Industrialism.

TIED DOWN AND MADE TO TALK 5:30-6:30PM

The lowest in band interviews, profiles and tortured confessions from local, national and international artists.

HOME TAPING I.N.T.E.R.N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L. 6:30-9:00PM

400 proof live mixes.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TRON 9:00-MIDNIGHT

The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30AM

Independent music from around the world ranging from spoken word to the latest in club tunes.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-NOON

Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/roque folk music radio show. Now on the air for more than four years!

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground alternative speed to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities.

60 MIN MINS 5:00-6:00PM

60 Minimalist Minutes. Music for thin ears.

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT 6:30-9:00PM

Warning: moving to a new time slot in September!

DOUBLE VISION 12:00MIDNIGHT-3:00AM

Variegated music for miscellaneous minds. Host: Isabel Hall.

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-NOON

Schoenberg, Varese, Berio, Carter, Scelsi, Xenakis, Schafer, Cage, Webern - Artistic Evil Knives. Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska with George Barrett.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3:00-6:00PM

Every Sunday, join Lachlan Murray and Kevin Rea for the best of blues, rhythm and blues, and soul.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:30-9:00PM

Feminist news and analysis with Lil and Elaine, and music made by women for everybody. Alternates Sundays with Electronic Smoke Signals.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00PM

Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance. Alternates Sundays with Just Like Women.

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30 8:00	THE CITR MORNING SHOW AT 7:30 - BBC WORLD SERVICE AT 8:00					THE SATURDAY EDGE	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY	VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW	BIRD DROPPINGS			
10:00				FINE LINES	MOVING IMAGES		
11:00	SOUP DE JOUR	PEST CONTROL/ IT'S ALL LIES	HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE	THE IDEALIST HOUR	MATT RICHARDS		
12:00						THE 12 O'CLOCK NEWS	
1:00	THE AFTERNOON NEWS REPORT					POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW
2:00		BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	SPANISH SHOW	IN EFFECT	DON WEBBER		
3:00					NARDWUAR		
4:00	SOUND OF REALITY	IN CONTEXT/ TRIBES & SHADOWS	33 1/3	FLEX YOUR HEAD	THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE	MEGA- BLAST!	THE BLUES AND SOUL SHOW
5:00	THE FIVE O'CLOCK NEWS MAGAZINE					60 MIN MINS	WEEKEND MAGAZINE
6:00	SPORTS DIGEST	BETTY & VERONICA	BC FOLK	ARTS CAFE	TIED DOWN AND MADE TO TALK		
7:00	HOT PINK			THE VINYL FRONTIER		HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT	JUST LIKE WOMEN/ ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS
8:00		NEON MEATE DREAM	THE SPINSTERS	TOP OF THE BOPS	HOME TAPING I.N.T.E.R- N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L.		
9:00	AFRICAN SHOW			THE CAN-CON JOB		REPETITION, SILENCE, AND THE END OF SCARIFICE	PLAYLOUD (THIS IS NOT A TEST)
10:00		THE NEW JENNIFER CHAN SHOW	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	STOMP ON THAT BOPPA- TRON		
11:00	THE JAZZ SHOW					DOUBLE VISION	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY
12:00							
1:00							
2:00	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY	AURAL TENTACLES	THE KNIGHT AFTER	EATING VOMIT	SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN		
3:00						SIN-E-PLEX NICLODEON	
4:00							

SPINLIST

THE THE
PUBLIC ENEMY
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
CURE
KEITH LEBLANC
N.W.A.
ALIEN SEX FIEND
10000 MANIACS
COLDCUT
THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
WHAT/NOISE
...THRILL KILL CULT
FACTION
RAMONES
CONDITION (CC)
BOB MOULD
TOO POETIC
KING TEE
GODFATHERS
KMFDM
PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED
WIRE
BEATMASTERS AND MERLIN
WEDDINGS PARTIES...
5 ENGINES (CC)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
SWANG
MUTE DRIVERS
GREATER THAN ONE
BIG DADDY KANE
WORLD DOMINATION...
MANAFARA
ALL
MC 900FT JESUS
WEDDING PRESENT
VARIOUS ARTISTS
MAUREEN TUCKER
FRESHCO
SOUL AYLUM
POP WILL EAT ITSELF
DC 3
CASSANDRA COMPLEX
BEAUGOLEIL
VARIOUS ARTISTS

MIND BOMB
DO THE RIGHT THING 12'
STORM THE STUDIO
DISINTEGRATION
EINSTEIN 12'
EXPRESS YOURSELF 12'
HAUNTED HOUSE
BLIND MAN'S ZOO
WHAT'S THAT NOISE
SILVERTOWN
VEIN 12'
SOME HAVE TO DANCE...
BAG
BRAIN DRAIN
SWAMP WALK
WORKBOOK
POETICAL TERROR & GOD...
ACT A FOOL
MORE SONGS ABOUT LOVE...
MORE AND FASTER
NINE
EARDRUM BUZZ
WHO'S IN THE HOUSE
NO SHOW WITHOUT...
BYRAM LAKE BLUES
PASSION SOURCES
THE BURNING WORLD
WAITING FOR WW3
LONDON
LEAN ON ME 12'
COMPANY NEW6
QUEER
ALLOY'S REVENGE
TOO BAD 12'
UKRAINKI VISTUPL...
DEEP HEAT
LIFE IN EXILE AFTER...
4 AT A TIME 12'
CLAM DIP & OTEHR DELIGHTS
CAN U DIG IT 12'
VIDA
SATAN BUGS BUNNY...
BAYOU CADILLAC
SUB POP 200

DEMOLIST

MARY
EARTHLING
TIN GOD
THE PICASSO GET
AGAINST THE GRAIN
FYF
ENIGMAS
BRUCE A & THE SECULAR...
29 CRASH
THE NYETZ
FREEWATER KNOCKOUT
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Got a special kind of tea you drink only when terminally depressed? Feel repulsed by the prospect of eating from melamine kitchenware? If not, the rest of this article won't mean sweet dick to you.

Right. Are you the sort who stuffs everything down, shoves the chair away from the table and has done with it, or do you eat

breakfast? Basic rule of thumb: only the compulsive eat breakfast. Only the truly compulsive engage in deliberation as to which mug and bowl they will use. Know how sometimes, to drink from any mug other than the white one would upset some divine order of the cosmos? Well, it's hard to convey these convictions to the emotionally stable.

These things have deep roots. In

childhood I made a point of never finishing the last little pool left in the bottom of a glass of milk (theory being, it would taste warm and offensive). I still find few tasks more disgusting than scraping the dregs out of a Cheez Whiz jar that's sat in the fridge for months.

But hey, I'm not the only one with hang-ups. Look out below:

—People who repetitively stick a spoonful of ice cream into their mouths, taking only a minute portion thereof with each insertion. I suspect these are the same people who jab the "walk" button at intersections seven thousand times in a row, and who continually dart a hand under running water to see if it's hot yet. Not Zen, not Zen at all.

—Common garden-variety relative who builds dams and aqueducts with mashed potatoes, sausages and gravy. Frustrated civil engineer.

—Teenage brother familiaris. Fave snack: Aunt Jemima waffles with a heap of icing sugar and a gallon or two of syrup. Or, the other way round. Hyperactive child, take four.

—People who cannot eat with their hands. (Well, I know, I usually have to resort to my mouth, too, but...) French fries, pizza, Kentucky Fried, anything is fair game for the sacrificial knife. Hey, didn't Pink Floyd do a concept album about this?...

However, the final, definitive division of eating methods must surely hinge on the compartmentalised vs. the non-. Ya know, when you're having a genuine, honest-to-goodness home-cooked meal and the peas can not touch the potatoes and under no circumstances can the stuffing encroach on either of the above, though a bit of commune with the chicken is allowed. "It all ends up in the same compartment anyway" never held any water with me. Victims of this compulsion are the flip side of the dam-builders coin.

So, how to tie all these totally disparate things together? What, in short, am I trying to prove? Nothing, for a change.

AAAAAARGH! A demented lament for the late *Cafe Zen*. Hangout of hippies, poseurs, and the occasional dispassionate businessperson. Or, in Bryce's words, "the druggies & junkies & woebegone artists". The location (820 Howe) has been taken over by a mirror-walled monstrosity whose waiters wear uniforms. A lot of people have lost their handiest connection joint (no pun intended) and still more are out of a convivial atmosphere in which to drink sensibly-priced tea/coffee and read Vonnegut. As to the "art" installations?...Oh well, life goes on...

P.S. to whoever had the nerve to remind me of the Zen on Yew: FASCIST CAPITALIST YUPPIE-HEAVEN SCOURGE OF THE UNIVERSE and not within walking distance of anywhere that matters. NA.

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